

SUNDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1877.

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From the window of the landing at which she had been taken to her apartment, she saw the old man, the little man, and the young man, who were sitting on the ground in front of the wooden wall. They were all looking down at their hands, and the old man was holding a long stick or staff.

At the same time, the old man, the little man, and the young man, who were sitting on the ground in front of the wooden wall, were all looking down at their hands. The old man was holding a long stick or staff, and the young man was holding a long stick or staff.

How it was, the old man, the little man, and the young man, who were sitting on the ground in front of the wooden wall, were all looking down at their hands. The old man was holding a long stick or staff, and the young man was holding a long stick or staff.

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THE Orpheonic societies, in Europe, are to hold a monster re-union in Paris during the Exposition of 1878. An appropriate concerted piece for a chorus 5000 strong is in course of preparation.



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Saturday Evening, January 13 1877

THOSE CLUBS.

Many thanks to the numerous friends of the Post who have raised clubs and forwarded them when renewing their own subscriptions. The look for 1877 is made very cheerful by such efforts. They are coming in by every mail, from all parts of the country, and the pleasant words which accompany them are most cheering.

"The Post only needs to be known, to be the most widely circulated, as it is the best paper of the kind" writes one enthusiastic friend. We are glad to believe this, and accordingly repeat our request, please tell your neighbors about it. We do not ask our friends to work without remuneration. We shall be pleased to send out thousands of volumes of choice books as premiums, in addition to the many already forwarded to those who have earned them. See list on fifth page and take your choice.

DEMAND A REFORM

Again the whole country is shocked by a disaster carrying suffering and death to a hundred or more victims. A railroad train on the Lake Shore Railroad carrying one hundred and seventy-five passengers, broke through the bridge over Ashabula Creek, Ohio, and plunged down some seventy feet into the ravine below. In addition to the slaughter caused by the smashing of the cars and drowning in the creek, a greater number were burned to death, the cars having taken fire from the stove and lamps.

It may be impracticable to insure absolute safety from broken rails and bridges, but one element of the horror in railroad disasters can be entirely prevented. It is possible to heat and light cars so that no fire will be communicated to the train in case of a smash-up.

There should be at once a universal demand and stringent legislation compelling this reform. Surely painful lessons enough have been given to show its necessity. It is too much to expect that railroad managers will adopt improvements not demanded by the public; they never have and never will. So long as travelers will take the risk of roasting, they will be permitted to do so. Now, while the matter is thus painfully present, let there be universal pressure brought to bear, to compel the change.

The use of iron cars would diminish by more than half the dangers incident to collisions and other accidents on the rail. Their use should be enforced. Let the subject be agitated until all possible safety is secured.

DAILY AMUSEMENT.

The publisher of a newspaper who does not have at least one hearty laugh in a day, when examining the letters which have come in, must be a cynic, or have the blues, or his correspondents differ much from those who write to the Post. There are such queer mistakes, odd requests and singular fancies.

For example, here is an envelope enclosing several dollars. No letter with it, no scrap of paper, no name, no clue to where it came from save the postmark outside, and that too indistinct to tell whether it comes from Mississippi or Massachusetts. To know the writer, we must wait a week or two until there shall come a letter blowing everybody up sky-high, because the papers ordered and paid for have not come to hand.

It seems strange that a man should forget to sign his name after writing a letter, especially when he has enclosed money, but such letters are very often received.

Plenty of people omit to mention the State in which their post-office is located, and as almost every State has Washingtons, Jeffersons, etc., etc., it's only guess work to try and select the right one.

The above are rather vexatious than amusing; there is plenty of fun in the phalanx of human nature exhibited. Here, for instance, is a letter asking whether Mr. John Smith, who formerly lived in Maine, is now a resident of Philadelphia. By looking through the directory, getting the

addresses of the hundred or more John Smiths who live here, and tracing them all out, we might be able to answer the letter satisfactorily. As this is out of our line of business, we can only smile at the simplicity of the question.

Begging letters are too numerous to mention. "I have taken your paper for years," is the general apology made for asking something gratis. Publishers may have very kindly feelings for the world in general, and no doubt do have for their subscribers in particular, but they can only laugh at the absurdity of the claims often made upon their good nature.

"What do you pay for articles?" is an almost daily inquiry. When we answer "From nothing up to five hundred dollars," the young writer is inclined to strike a fair average and expect, say about a hundred dollars! Usually in such cases the laugh is at the expense of the young hopeful.

We like a good laugh, but as we are receiving hundreds of letters daily, there is hardly time to stop for amusement, and we therefore highly appreciate the epistles of those who write common sense plainly, briefly, and with care to give the State from which the letter is sent, as we are glad to say the majority of our subscribers do.

A DIFFICULT ART.

To rebuke evil-doers is an undoubted duty, but to do it effectively requires something more than indignation against wrong doing. Men are hardened by hot words hurled at them. The offender is furnished with immediate defense by the injustice of overstatement or angry harshness. The first effort should be to array the delinquent's own conscience on your side, to gain an entrance to his better nature by sympathizing with him in his pity for himself. Let the statement of the offense be plain, but calm. Assume that the guilty one is conscious of dereliction, and do not endeavor to harrow up his feelings to make him sensible of the enormity of his offense. Even if he be callous, such a course will not soften, but will render him more hardened. Apparent indifference is by no means conclusive proof that a man does not feel condemnation for his evil course. Stolidity is more frequently a mask than genuine deadness of soul.

It is not necessary to ignore the guilt in showing sympathy and reaching the inner heart of the man when he is bemoaning his sad fate. Let pity be shown because he is guilty, not because he suffers from guilt. In short befriend the man, and let him feel that you would help him overcome himself; not that you delight to sit in judgment on him, and are thus, perhaps unconsciously, making his evil the occasion of glorification of your own superiority.

He who was without spot or blemish, was yet the recognized friend of the fallen, and his life declared that pity, not condemnation was the need and the hope of the world.

CURE FOR THE "BLUES"

In almost everybody's experience, are times when the East wind blows blue and dark visions of disaster which will never occur, shut out the sunshine of life: times when resolving to be happy is as useless as trying to change the weather by turning the barometer upside down. It is very easy to say of a person so beleaguered "It's only nervousness; why does he not shake it off?" But the nerve machinery by which comfortableness, hilarity and smiles are turned out, cannot be righted by rough self-shaking. A well organized watch would resent such treatment, much more the delicate and intricate nerve fibres.

Too often the wretched man seeks and finds temporary relief in drugs, opium, whiskey or other excitants only to find his tormentors return largely reinforced from these devil breeding potions, and his last state is worse than his first.

An almost certain relief, and one most easy of application under such circumstances is to employ some one else to be happy for you, just as one would hire a man to do any work for which his own strength is inadequate. There are plenty waiting for engagement in every locality, fully competent to perform it. A bedridden cripple for a fee of a dollar or two with which to supply his pressing wants will be capital help. Such a smile and a "God bless you" as he can give will stir the springs of pleasure in the giver's soul and make him forget half his troubles. A poor widow rejoicing in the gift of a barrel of flour will furnish rejoicing for a week. A load of wood here, a pair of shoes there, and a good dinner yonder, will be more than a match for a whole legion of blue devils. Try it once.

MODEL COMPOSITIONS.

A friend sends us the following bona fide "compositions" written by children at school in an Eastern State:

SKATING

Skating is good to break your neck with. And then have to be sent to the hospital. And then have your mother crying after you. And then perhaps die.

HUNS

I would have two birds one of them the cat killed and one of them died with a inner (humor) in its bed and the one the cat killed we got stuff.

THE ELEPHANT

The Elephant has no hands, and so he uses his long tail.

HU-CHIK-SHEN (Pronounced with a sneeze and two chuckles) is it reported has been appointed Ambassador from China to England. "He brings with him three hundred thousand dollars as a gift of frankincense and myrrh" says a contemporary. Hum—rather a large amount to be all in cents.

A COMMERCIAL exchange gives the startling intelligence that "dressed hops are moving briskly to the seaboard market." We hope they will not stop in Philadelphia; there is an over supply here now. Our street cars bristle with them.

THE SOLUTION.

BY MRS. S. L. OBERHOLTER.

I see a flow in the glass,
And I wonder if it can be
The face of the merry lass
That used to laugh back at me.

I note the blade and the coil
Of a silvered chestnut hair,
And I ask are they the spoils
Of a golden ringlet crew?

I linger pitying o'er
The lips that were scarlet flame,
And the roses that bloom no more,
On cheeks that lilies claim.

The eyes, ah, the secret's caught!
It's true, not a trace, I trace,
The strange, violet eyes that
This morning caught my face.

The face would laugh at her case,
And the crooked dreams of gold
Would tangle the rose and breeze
If this was color to hold!

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

BY A TRAVELER.

I visited Mount Hecla, in Iceland, just before its terrible eruption in 1846, and the following is a brief narration of a fearful adventure which happened to me upon that sublime and desolate elevation.

Having procured a guide, I set off at an early hour on the morning following my arrival in Iceland (at the foot of the extinct volcano), praying for fair weather, good luck, and a safe return.

As you push on, ascending summit after summit, on your way to the great and awful centre of all, you find the danger, dreariness, and desolation gradually increase to the most terrible sublimity—till at last, when you do finally stand on the lava black and midnight, the snow of blinding whiteness—and not in all that region a tree, a bush, a shrub, a blade, or even a solitary living thing, excepting myself and guide!

Far as the eye could reach, when the moving clouds permitted me to see, was a succession of black, rugged hills, snow-crowned peaks, glistening glaciers, and ice-bound slopes, into which we had penetrated a world without plant or life—the very desolation of a desert—filled with yawning chasms and dreadful abysses.

Wrapping one of the blankets about me, to protect me from the freezing cold, and cautiously using my pointed stick to try every foot of ground beneath me, I now began to move about over the black and heaped, and hills of lava, and across narrow chasms, and pitfalls, and patches of snow and ice, my faithful guide keeping near, and often warning me to be careful of my steps. In this manner I at length ascended a ridge of considerable elevation, stumbling my way to the top, and now and then displacing fragments of lava that had crumbled down from above. As yet I had seen no signs of the mouth of the crater, which eighty years before had vomited forth its terrible and desolating streams of molten black sand; but on reaching the summit of this ridge, I looked down into a sort of basin, open at the lower side, and having some three or four deep seams or chasms in the centre, into which the melting snow and ice, on its sides, were running in small streams. A peculiar and not very agreeable odor came up with a thin, smoky vapor, and I fancied I could hear a distant sound, something between a gurgle and a rumble.

"I suppose this is the original crater?" I said, turning to the guide.

The fellow was as pale as death, and every feature expressed surprised allied to fear.

"What is the matter?" I quickly demanded. "Have you never seen this spot before?"

"I have seen this place before, master," he replied, "but never anything like this. When I was here last, there was no hollow here, but only a level plain of snow and ice."

"Indeed!" exclaimed I, feeling strangely interested. "What, then, do you infer—that there is about to be a fresh eruption?"

"I fear so, master. What have caused this change? You see there is heat below, which has melted the snow and ice, and only a few streaks of ice now remain above. The upper part of the sides, while all the centre is gone."

"And the ground has a slight feeling of warmth, too," I rejoined, as I bent down and laid my hand upon it.

"Let us leave, master," returned the fellow, hurriedly, looking down with an expression of alarm. "I do not like to remain here; we shall be destroyed at any moment. Let us hasten down and repeat what we have seen."

"Nay," said I, feeling strangely interested and fascinated by the perilous novelty. "I do not think there is any immediate danger, for the snow and ice, as I have said, have melted slowly; and before I go away, never to return, I should like to venture into this basin, and look down into one of those chasms."

"Oh, no, master," replied the guide, with nervous anxiety; "do not do it. It might cost you your life."

"At least, I will risk it, if you will agree to wait for me," said I, fully determined on the venture, even though I were to go without his consent.

"I will wait," he answered; "but, remember, master, you go down against my advice."

The crater or hollow was about fifty feet in depth, with gently sloping sides; and using my pointed stick, with the greatest care, I forthwith began the descent, often stopping to try the temperature of the lava with my hand, and finding it growing gradually warmer as I proceeded, though not sufficiently so as to excite any alarm. In a short time I reached the bottom, and stood on the verge of one of the seams or chasms which opened far down into the heart of the mountain. It was about four feet in width, zigzag in shape, and emitted strongly the peculiar odor before mentioned. A small, trickling stream, from a melting layer of ice above, was rushing into it; but I could only see that it was lost in the deep darkness below, from which came up a kind of hissing, boiling, gurgling sound, with something like a rumbling shock at slight intervals and gentle puff of heated air.

Giving no heed to my guide's earnest solicitations, I now resolved to sound, if possible, the depth of the chasm before me, and then proceed to inspect the others; and for this purpose I broke off from a larger one a

small block of lava, and, advancing to the very edge of the chasm, dropped it down, and listened to the hollow reverberations, as it went bounding from side to side, long after it was lost to the eye. The depth was so immense that I heard it for more than a minute, and then the sound seemed rather to die out from distance, than to cease because of the stone having reached its destination. It was an awful depth, and fearfully impressed me with the terrible; and as I drew back with a shudder, a gust of hot, sulphurous air rushed and roared upward, followed by a steam-like vapor, and a heavy, hollow sound, as if a cannon had been discharged far down in the bowels of the earth.

This new manifestation of the powers of nature fairly started me into a desire for flight; and I had already turned for my purpose, when suddenly the ground, shaking, heaving, and rolling under me, began to crumble off into the dread abyss. I was thrown down, and, on my hands and knees, praying heaven for mercy, was scrambling over it and upwards, to save myself from a most horrible fate, when two blocks, rolling together, caught my feet and legs between them, and without crushing them, held them as if in a vice. These came another crash and crumble, the lava slid away from behind me, and I was left upon the very verge of the awful gulf, now widened to some fifteen or twenty feet, down which I looked with horror-strained eyes, only to see darkness and death below, and breathe the almost suffocating vapors that rushed up from that seemingly bottomless pit.

Oh the horrors of that awful moment! what pen or tongue can portray them? There, a helpless but conscious prisoner, suspended over the mouth of a black and heated abyss, to be hurled downward by the next great throes of trembling nature!

"Help, help, help!"—for the love of heaven, help! I screamed, in the very agony of wild despair.

I looked up to catch a glimpse of my guide; but he was gone, and I had nothing to rely on but the mercy of heaven; and I prayed as I never prayed before, for a forgiveness of my sins, that they might not follow me to judgment. It might be a second—it might be a minute—it might be an hour—that I should have to undergo a living death; but, be the time long or short, I felt that there was no escape from a doom that even now makes me grow pale, and shudder when I think of it. Above me was a clear blue sky—beneath me, a black and horrible abyss—around me, sickening vapors that made my brain grow dizzy.

Rumbling and hissing sounds warned me that another convulsion might occur at any moment, and another would be the last of me. Home and friends I should never see again, and my tomb would be the volcanic Hecla! I strove, with the madness of desperation, to disengage my imprisoned limbs, but I might as well have attempted to move a mountain. There I was, fixed and fastened for the terrible death I was awaiting. Oh, mercy! what a fate!

Suddenly I heard a shout; and looking around, I beheld, with feelings that I can never describe, my faithful guide hastening down the rugged sides of the crater to my relief. He had fled in terror at the first alarming demonstration, but had only turned to save me, if possible, by risking his life for mine.

"I warned you, master," he said, as he came up panting, his eyes half starting from his head, and his whole countenance expressing cunningly terror and pity.

"You did—you did?" I cried; "but oh! forgive and save me!"

"You are already forgiven, master; and I will save you if I can—save you, or perish with you."

Instantly he set to work with his iron-pointed stick to break the lava around my limbs, but had scarcely made any progress, when again the earth trembled, and the blocks parted, one of them rolling down into the yawning chasm with a dull, hollow sound. I sprang forward—I seized a hand of the guide—we both struggled hard, and the next moment we had both fallen, locked in each other's arms, upon the solid earth above. I was free, but still upon the verge of the pit, and any moment we might both be hurled to destruction.

"Quick, master!" cried the guide; "up! up! and run for your life!"

I staggered to my feet, with a wild cry of hope and fear, and half supported by my faithful companion, hurried up the sloping sides of the crater. As we reached the ridge above, the ground shook with a heavy explosion; and looking back, I beheld with horror a dark, smoking pit, where we had so lately stood.

And then, without waiting to see more, I turned and fled over the rough ground as fast as my bruised limbs would let me. We reached our horses in safety, and, hurrying down the mountain, gave the alarm to the villagers, who joined us in our flight across the country till a safe distance was gained. Here I bade adieu to my faithful guide, regarding him as a man grateful for the preservation of his life might be supposed to do.

A few days later, when the long-silent Hecla was again convulsing the island, and sending forth its mighty tongues of fire and streams of lava, I was far away from the sublime and awful scene, thanking Heaven I was alive to tell the story of my wonderful escape from a burning tomb.

A SENTIMENTAL STORY.

Hal was a fellow clerk of mine in a great financial house, and we were great chums. He was poor as a church mouse, but well connected. He lived with his mother in a little cottage in the suburbs of New York. His maternal was a worldly old party, always urging him to marry a rich cousin, one Miss Araminta Tunks. Hal decidedly objected.

"Fancy, Fred," he said to me "being thought a tuff hunter for the sake of a woman who probably has red hair and squints, and who rejoices in the sweet name of Araminta Tunks. Could you go to church with a name like that for forty thousand a year? Fancy a woman with that name wanting to be loved for her herself alone," he added, and refused to go near her.

One day he came to me raving over the charms of his mother's new maid, who had appeared, been in the house only a week, but who had taken his susceptible heart by storm. Her name was Jessie! She was an orphan, and he had been at once smitten with her charms. He came to consult me, not only on the general question, but because he suspected her to be already engaged, and as half mad with jealousy and despair. He had seen a beautiful ring, formed of two hearts blended into one, which she wore on her forefinger, and when he questioned her about it, she blushed, and refused to satisfy his curiosity, telling him only that the ring had been given her by some one she loved better than any one in the whole world. I persuaded him to take no notice of the ring; but if he thought he could win her, to go in at once like a man and put his fate to the touch. He took my advice, but resolved to know all about the ring first.

So one day he asked her the name on it; but she still refused point blank to tell him, pointing prettily all the while.

"Well, then, tell me what he is to you!" he exclaimed. "Don't let me die of suspense—of large deferred. Have I a chance?"

Jessie made no reply for a moment, but her eyes twinkled with mischief as she slipped off the ring and put it into her pocket.

"The person who gave it to me was the one I ought to love better than anybody else."

"But you don't!" cried Hal, with rapidity. "You love me better, Jessie?" and he caught the ringless hand and kissed it rapturously.

"Jessie tried to draw her hand away, but he held it fast.

"Say yes, Jessie—that you love me best, now."

"Yes," whispered the sly damsel, snatching her hand away and dancing out of sight just as Mrs. Dorton appeared on the scene.

"Henry I am ashamed of you!" said, or rather screamed, that good lady. "As for that shameless hussy, she leaves my house this very day!"

"Hold, mother, this is my house, and she shall never quit it. She is to be my wife and must be treated with respect."

"Oh! oh! dear! have you forgotten your cousin Araminta?" sobbed Mrs. Dorton.

"How should I remember her when I never saw her?" ejaculated Hal.

"Wouldn't it be best to see her, then?" put in a meek little voice.

"No, no! Jessie darling I'll never see her more. You, and you only, shall be my wife, and we'll work for riches."

Jessie shook her head sadly, and waved him off when he went to approach her.

"No, Hal, you had better see your cousin, and do as your mother wants you. As for me—"

She brought the ring from the depths of her pocket and attempted to put it on.

He dashed forward and possessed himself of the hand before she could get it upon the finger. A clear ringing laugh burst from her lips.

"Why, Hal, I believe you are jealous of this ring."

"I mean you shall never have anything more to do with that person," answered Hal.

"Never have anything more to do with my mother?"

"Your what?"

"My mother, Araminta Elizabeth Tunks, whose initials it bears."

"What!" almost shrieked Mrs. Dorton.

"What!" gasped Hal, as he dropped her hand.

"My dear niece," frowned Mrs. Dorton.

"I thought hussy."

"Of course."

"My little."

"But you remember."

"Neverth and overm."

Here I will married, and jealous of I bought him a ring with his own hands, he fit away his cake."

LETTER

The North where I am in the State twenty and was form be a little too cultivation of semi-tropical in rambling groves of sour the shore of fl skeptical that and, in a der of the with the young grove finding order, this during region.

Other semi-limous, limes Large and lus in many parts tons, Kittany would probabl dition to our l pins and straw cultivated as y

The princip corn and sweet garden vegetal well. It does not pay to spend much time trying to cultivate Northern grains, fruits or garden vegetables, and new-comers should bend all their energies towards the establishing of an orange grove; though some corn or sweet potatoes can be raised in the grove while the trees are young.

Orange seedlings begin to bear in from about six to eight years; occasionally a five-year-old tree may be found with a few oranges on it. Sour trees, or four-year-old sour seedlings may be transplanted in autumn or winter and budded the following July or August, and will bear in two years, and occasionally in one. Sweet seedlings, budded, will also bear one or two years sooner than those not budded.

People must not come here expecting to get rich in a hurry. It takes several years of hard labor, and almost constant care, to get an orange grove established and in bearing order; but oh! when the task is accomplished, what a feast to the eye and the palate is a ripe Florida orange! I say Florida orange, because the oranges of this State are becoming justly celebrated for their large size and superior flavor. And if we may believe the universal testimony, a bearing grove is a sure source of profit as well as pleasure to the fortunate possessor.

The tree alone is a marvel of beauty from the time the tiny seedling shows itself above the ground till it becomes the majestic full grown tree. And when the tree comes loaded with the luscious yellow fruit, it is truly a wonderful sight, and I do not think it is strange that so many are coming here from the colder states to engage in the cultivation of this queen of fruits.

The lemon is a fruit, in my estimation, superior even to the orange, bears in from eighteen months to two years from the time the young sucker is set out. Guavas and figs bear as soon or sooner, so new-comers can have some fruit of their own raising very soon after settling here.

The Autumn and Winter climate of Florida is another attraction that is drawing many from the cold Northern and Eastern states. Here we have no mud, no snow, and but little frost, and but very few stormy days to hinder the farmers from working or the invalid from taking exercise in the open air. The summer season, however, is uncomfortably warm day and night, and the delightful cool sea breezes that read about, I have not found as yet, and new-comers must not expect to find much pleasant weather during the summer.

We love much more warmly by cherishing the intention of giving pleasure, than an hour afterwards when we have given it.

MAN wastes his mornings in anticipating his afternoons, and wastes his afternoons in regretting his mornings.

THE DAILY OCCUPATION OF A TURKISH LADY.

BY A LATE RESIDENT IN TURKEY.

Domestic life in Turkey is altogether different from our, the arrangements of which much of the court of a fairly de pends not being regulated by the mistress of the house. She has a little or no household matter, assumed no trouble herself with things economic in food and dress, for as is said with us, we treat our pretty well, expecting them to be content with what set before them to eat and drink, though their garments in good condition, and happy, merry, and content in their mind.

Turkish life is not however, when dressed-up doll is quite aware of the shab responsibility, and sees to it that her religious (false though they are) teaches. She has to end ready-dressed baggy trousers at all, and has only a slip on her thick-sided jacket, or a which takes the place of our dressing-still, though she is acrimoniously w hands and feet, a face, and ears in water, ejaculating as she does so, phrases as, "Oh, my ears were cold to receive inspiration?"—"Oh, these hands were cold from evil deeds!" though she may stand with bare feet will nevertheless set to adjust the of her prayer-carpet so that it may polt rectly to Meccah will never neglect modest covering of a white muslin th over the head, notwithstanding there eye to watch with the retirement of own room.

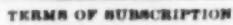
Her slave, who has risen to wake, and place her slippers, prays at the time as her slaves, either in the room or in a room adjoining, and, the thanksgiving filled, the prayer-carpet, folded with respectful care and put a slave cresset on their beds on the and sleep easily under soft wadded co, or pourpous have the merit of keeping off the mosquitoes which arise from a Bosphorus which blankets would absorb.

Even that pillows and mattresses of wool, like wadded quilt; the latter not white, coarse, but a facing of bright silks or coarse muslin, ornament with a firm, old-fashioned pattern representing flowers or animals of most various hues and

rice, whilst her bare feet are twisting a piece of card-board into a square of bright colored gauze, inner-sole.

The more dressing of the hair is not a long affair, as my ladies wear cut short and just resting on the neck; in those who can boast of plentiful tresses usually plait it on each side, and let it hang down the back when they are at home but knit it together if they are going out. There are dressing tables before which they sit at six at a case whilst employing her toilet; so b slave has to stand, instead, holding a square hand-mirror under all the tedious process of making up putting on the head-dress other elaborate to stand near hand pin at the instant they are introduced to a ticipate the lady's slightest wish, lest it should fly off in a fit of impatience as posing also being kept waiting.

Having almost leisure to think of something besides her toilet



is now a resident of Philadelphia. By looking through the directory, getting the

street cars tristle with them.

purpose I broke off from a larger

Giving no heed to my guide's earnest solicitations, I now resolved to sound, if possible, the depth of the chasm before me, and then proceed to inspect the others; and for this purpose I broke off from a larger one a

ring had been given her by some dear old loved better than any one in the whole wide world. I persuaded him to take no notice of the ring; but if he thought he could win her, to go in at once like a man and put his fate to the touch. He took my advice, but resolved to know all about the ring first. So one day he asked her the name on it; but she still refused point blank to tell him, pouting prettily all the while.

WE love much more warmly by cherishing the intention of giving pleasure, than an hour afterwards when we have given it.

MAN wastes his mornings in anticipating his afternoons, and wastes his afternoons in regretting his mornings.

very rich man - a person of great wealth shall be reserved for one of the higher rank, and those of plain and unadorned aspect and flowered chints certainly put into it for such-and-such a use. This is an important duty, as every man should have a lot whose richness be known, and indicate the consideration it is to be held. is the same with the question which

EDINA.

BY WILHELM H. JOHNSON.

Hold in thy right hand every gentle power,
To silence ev'ry tongue that is not true;
Let all the words that thou art in thy power
Be true and true, and true, and true.

Mortal, tell thy form is fading,
On thy brow the care of years;
Lines are marked beneath the lashes,
Only made by smiling tears.

Thou hast carried others' burdens,
Toiling on with deepest pain;
While thy hands have plowed the furrows
Others garnered in the grain.

Thou hast hoped for future blessings,
Toiling on with deepest pain;
While thy hands have plowed the furrows
Others garnered in the grain.

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collected them. Frank went in and closed

the door.

"Can I help you in any way, Charles?"

Uncle Francis had been telling me.

Charles let off a little of his superfluous

discontent in a burst of the people who had

presumed to trouble him with the wine bill.

Frank sat down, and drew the paper toward

him.

"I had no idea it could be as much as

that, Frank," was the rueful avowal. "And

I wish with all my heart their wine parties

and their last living had been at the bottom

of the sea!"

"Is it so much, Charles?"

"To tell the truth, I'm afraid it's more,"

said Charles, with candor. "I've only made

a guess at the other accounts, and I know

I've not put down too much. That tailor is

an awful man for sticking it on; as are all

the rest of the crew, for the matter of that.

I was trying to recollect how many times

I've had horses, and traps, and things; and

I can't."

"Does Uncle Francis know it comes to

all this?"

"No. And I don't care to let him know.

Things seem to worry him so much now. I

do wish that last money could be found!"

"Just what your father and I have been

wishing," cried Frank. "Look here, Char-

ley. I have a little left out of my five hun-

dred pounds. You shall have the half of

it—just between ourselves, you know; and

then the sum my uncle must find will not

look so formidable to him. Nay, no thanks,

said Charles, drawing his easy chair to

the fire. "I have to be true, Frank, I

am; though I have not danced all night."

"I leave that to you younger men," re-

turned the Major, drawing his easy chair

to the fire. "As to being tired, Frank, I

am; though I have not danced all night."

"Of everything, I think. Sit down, lad."

"I want to speak to you, Uncle Francis,

concerning my plans," said

Frank, taking a seat near. "It is time I

settled down to something."

"Is it?" was the answer; for the Major's

thoughts were elsewhere.

"Why, yes, don't you think it is, sir?"

The question is, what is to be? With

regard to the bonds for that missing money,

uncle? They have not turned up, I con-

clude?"

"They have not turned up, my boy, or

the money either. If they had, you'd have

been the first to hear of it."

"What is your true opinion about the

money, Uncle Francis?" resumed Frank,

after a pause. "Will it ever turn up?"

"Yes, Frank, I think it will. I feel fully

assured that the money is lying somewhere

—and that it will be found sooner or later.

I should be sorry to think otherwise; for,

as goodness knows, I need it badly enough."

A piece of cutting wood fell off the grate.

Frank caught the logs, and put it up again.

"And I wish it would come to light for

your sake also, Frank. You want your

share of it, I know."

"Why, you see, Uncle Francis, without

money I don't know what to be at. If I

were single, I'd engage myself out as as-

sistant to-morrow; but for my wife's sake I

want to take a better position than that."

"Naturally you do, Frank. And so you

ought."

"It would be easy enough if I had the

money in hand; or if I could with any cer-

tainty say when I should have it."

"It would be easy enough if I had the

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Eagle's Nest. His wife expected to be laid

in the course of a month or two; and

where, asked the Major, could she be better

attended to than at Eagle's Nest? Daisy of

course wished to stay; she should feel safe,

she said, in the care of Mrs. Raynor. Twenty

times at least had Frank run up to town to

see if he could pick up any news, or hear of

any place to suit him. Delusive dreams of

often presented themselves to his mental

vision, of some doctor, rich in years and

philanthropy, who might be willing to take

him in for nothing to share his first-class

practice. As yet the benevolent old gentle-

man had not been discovered, but Frank

quite believed he must exist somewhere.

Another thing had not been discovered:

the missing money. But Major Raynor,

anguish as ever was his nephew, did not

lose faith in its existence. It would come

to light some time he felt certain, and so he

never ceased to assure Frank. Embarrass-

ment decidedly increased upon the Major,

chiefly arising from the lack of ready cash;

for the greater portion of that was sure to

be forestalled before it came in. Still, a

man who enjoys more than two thousand

per annum cannot be so badly off; so that

on the whole Major Raynor had an easy, in-

dolent, and self-satisfactory life. Had they

decreased their home expenses, it would

have been all the better; and they might

have done that very materially, and yet not

touched on home comforts. But neither Ma-

jor nor Mrs. Raynor knew how to set

about retrenchment; and so the senseless

profusion went on.

"What is there to see, Charles?"

The questioner was Frank. In crossing

the grounds, some little distance from home,

he came upon Charles Raynor. Charles

was stooping to screw his neck over the

corner of a stile, by which the high hedge

was divided that bordered the large en-

closed, three-cornered tract of grass-land

known as the common. On one side of this

common were these miserable dwellings,

the pigsties; in a line with them ran the

row of new skeletons, summarily stopped

in erection. Opposite stood some pretty de-

tached cottage-houses, inhabited by a some-

what better class of people; while this high

hedge—now budding into summer bloom,

and flanked with a sloping bank, rich in

moss, and flowering weeds, and wild blue-

bells—bordered the third stile. In one cor-

ner, between the hedge and the bettermost

houses, flourished a small thick grove of

trees. It all belonged to Major Raynor.

"Nothing particular," said Charles, in

answer to the question. "I was only look-

ing at a fellow."

Frank saw his eyes ranging over the

green space before him. Three or four

paths ran along it in different directions.

A portion of it was mowed off by wooden

fencing, and on this some cattle grazed;

but on most of it the grass was growing, in-

tended for the mower in a month or two's

time. Frank could not see a soul; and

said so. Some children, indeed, were play-

ing in front of the huts; but Charles had

evidently not noticed them; his gaze had

been directed to the opposite side, near the

grove.

"He has disappeared among those trees,"

said Charles.

"Who was it?" pursued Frank: for there

was something in his young cousin's tone

and manner suggestive of anxiety, and it

awoke his own curiosity.

Charles turned round and put his back

against the stile. He had plucked a small

green twig from the hedge, and was twirl-

ing it about between his lips.

"Frank, I am in a mess. Keep a look-

out yonder, and if you see a stranger, tell

me."

"Over-run the constable at Oxford this

time, as before?" questioned Frank, leaping

to the truth by instinct.

Charles nodded. "And I assure you,

Frank," he added, attempting excuse for

himself, "that I no more intended to get

into debt this last term than I intended to

hang myself. When I went down after

Christmas, I had formed the best resolu-

tions in the world. I told the mother she

must trust me. Nobody could have wished

to keep straighter than I wished, and some-

THE FASHIONS.

We greet our fair friends with best wishes for the New Year that has dawned in such a peaceful and promising way.

We present a charming toilette for the approval of those of fine taste, composed of velvet and deep emerald green.

The underskirt is of dark green velvet, made plain and rather long, that is in the train, which comprises only two tiers with directly in the back. The overcloak is of lighter green cashmere, exquisitely fine and soft, and has a front pointed low down on the left side.

Then front to draped in folds, meticulously disposed and drawn away rather lightly towards the back, where a long beautiful fringe plainly from the belt, but is caught up by a large smart knot of the material, and hangs in attractive folds.

On the right-hand side a folded scarf passes from the back drapery diagonally down until it meets the front with, which on this side passes under a wide velvet fold in the form of a draped scarf.

The waist is of velvet, lined up in the back and fitted the figure closely, and of the simplest elegant shape.

It is simply corded with the cashmere, and is itself made of the velvet.

A folded sash of the cashmere is adjusted to the shoulders.

This ensemble is for indoor wear.

The sleeves are of cashmere, with deep velvet cuffs and a puff of velvet at the shoulders.

An overskirt of velvet is provided for the promenade or the carriage, in connection with this toilette.

It is long and double-breasted, having elaborate fringes of silk passementerie for fastening the front.

No trimming is used, only a triple cord of silk of a shade lighter than the velvet.

Deep, square cuffs finish the sleeves.

This is one of the most unique ensembles we have seen anywhere.

A dress of striped linonette in shades of brown and turquoise blue is made with a deep velvet collar and cuffs.

A round standing collar finishes the neck.

A costume for a girl of fourteen is shown of dark navy blue cashmere combined with maroon of a similar tint.

The underskirt is of the cashmere, having a deep blue border.

The dress is a polka-dot and of the cashmere. It has a black velvet collar and cuffs.

The long sleeves are of the cashmere, having a deep blue border.

It is caught up by a bow with ends and loops.

The front has a triple row of buttons down the center.

Hat of dark blue felt, with pointed crown and with dark blue trim.

The latter bound with a broad blue velvet.

A band of velvet with long fringe, and ends in long ends and loops at the back.

A pattern for a little girl is shown of dark brown velvet, with satin stripes running longitudinally, two and a half inches wide, and about four inches apart.

The pattern is of the cashmere, having a deep blue border.

The dress is a polka-dot and of the cashmere. It has a black velvet collar and cuffs.

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WRITERS.

BY THOMAS ROBERTS.

"Farewell to home!" the weary woman cried. As on the great day before the gate she looked back with the tears of grief.

As she was succumbing wave, sweeps over her head, she felt the weight of the world.

Like a wild wind that blows beyond control, she felt the weight of the world.

Filling with terror each despairing soul, she felt the weight of the world.

Some think of home and friends with deep regret, she felt the weight of the world.

And some prepare to meet a watery grave, she felt the weight of the world.

Without a hope, or helping hand to save, she felt the weight of the world.

One final plunge! and with a thundering shock, she felt the weight of the world.

Mingled with cries and strikes upon a rock, she felt the weight of the world.

THE SECRET CHAMBER.

In Three Chapters.

CHAPTER II.

Lord Gervaise was very grave, and very pale. He was standing with his hand on his son's shoulder to wake him; his dress was unchanged from the moment they had parted.

And the sight of this formal costume was very bewildering to the young man as he started up his bed. But only a moment he seemed to know exactly how it was, and more than that, he knew it all his life.

Explanation seemed unnecessary. At any other moment, in any other place, a man would be startled to be suddenly woken up in the middle of the night.

But Lord Gervaise had no such feeling; he did not even ask a question, but sprang up, and faced his eyes, taking in all the strange circumstances on his father's face.

"Get up, my boy," said Lord Gervaise, "and dress as quickly as you can. It is full time. I have lit your candles, and your things are all ready. You have had a good long sleep."

Even now he did not ask, What is it? as under any other circumstances he would have done. He got up without a word, with an impulse of nervous speed and rapidity of movement such as only excitement can give, and dressed himself, his father helping him silently. It was a curious scene: the room gleaming with lights, the silence, the hurried toilet, the stillness of deep night all around. The house, though so full, and with the echoes of activity but just over, was as quiet as if there was not a creature within it—more quiet, indeed, for the stillness of vacancy is not half so impressive as the stillness of hushed and slumbering life.

Lord Gervaise went to the table when this first step was over, and poured out a glass of wine from a bottle which stood there, a rich, golden-colored, perfumy wine, which sent its scent through the room. "You will want all your strength," he said, "take this before you go. It is the famous Imperial Tokay; there is only a little left, and you will want all your strength."

Lord Gervaise took the wine; he had never drunk any like it before, and the peculiar fragrance remained in his mind, as perfume so often do, with a whole world of association in them. His father's eyes were on him with a melancholy sympathy. "You are going to encounter the greatest trial of your life," he said; and taking the young man's hand into his, felt his pulse. "It is quick, but it is quite firm, and you have had a good long sleep." Then he did what he needs a great deal of pressure to induce an Englishman to do—he kissed his son on the cheek. "God bless you!" he said, faltering. "Come, now, everything is ready, Lindores."

He took up in his hand a small lamp, which he had apparently brought with him, and led the way. By this time Lindores began to feel himself again, and to wake to the consciousness of all his own superstitions and enlightenment. The simple sense that he was one of the members of a family with a mystery, and that the moment of his personal encounter with this special power of darkness had come, had been the first thrilling, overbearing thought. But now as he followed his father, Lindores began to remember that he himself was not altogether like other men; that there was that in him which would make it natural that he should throw some light, hitherto unthought of, upon this carefully-kept darkness.

What secret even there might be in the secret of hereditary tendency, of psychic force, of mental conformation, or of some curious combination of circumstances at once more and less potent than these—it was for him to find out. He gathered all his forces about him, reminded himself of modern enlightenment, and bade his nerves be steel to all vulgar horrors. He felt his own pulse as he followed his father, and to spend the night perhaps amongst the skeletons of that old-world massacre, and to repeat the sins of his ancestors—to be brought within the range of some optical illusion believed in hitherto by all the generations, had which, no doubt, was of a startling kind, or his father would not look so serious as he did.

He felt himself quite strong to encounter. His heart and spirit rose, as young man has but seldom the opportunity of distinguishing himself so early in his career; and his was such a chance as occurs to very few. No doubt it was something that would be extremely trying to the nerves and imagination. He called up all his powers, vanquished each and every doubt, and this call upon himself for exertion, there was the less serious impulse of curiosity; he would see at last what the Secret Chamber was, where it was, how it fitted into the labyrinth of the old house. This he tried to put in its due place as a most interesting object. He said to himself that he would willingly have gone a long journey at any time to be present at such an exploration; and there is no doubt that in other circumstances a secret chamber, with probably some unthought-of historical interest in it, would have been a very fascinating discovery.

He tried very hard to excite himself about this; but it was curious how feeble his self-interest was; and how conscious he was that it was an effort to feel any curiosity at all on the subject. The fact was, that the Secret Chamber was not only mysterious—through thick, as all adventures are, by a more pressing interest. The overpowering thought of what was in it drove aside all healthy, natural curiosity about itself.

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each new servant to succession who planned an attack upon his ancient store, scandalized by finding it to have been neglected by his predecessors. All their attempts to clear out had, however, been resisted, nobody could tell how, or indeed thought it worth while to inquire. As for Lindores, he had been used to the place from his childhood, and therefore accepted it as the most natural thing in the world. He had been in and out a hundred times in his play. And it was here, he remembered suddenly, that he had seen the last picture of Earl Robert which had so curiously come into his eyes on his journeying here, by a mental movement which he had identified at once as unconscious cerebration. The first feeling in his mind, as his father went to the open door of this lumber-room, was a mixture of amusement and surprise. What was he going to pick up there? 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